

Just Let Me Breathe

by DreamEscapel675

Category: Captain America

Genre: Drama, Hurt-Comfort

Language: English

Characters: Natasha Romanoff/Black Widow, Steve R./Capt. America

Status: Completed

Published: 2016-04-08 03:13:11

Updated: 2016-04-14 06:02:15

Packaged: 2016-04-27 22:04:53

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 2,154

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

Summary: His heart grieves to surrender, but she finds a way to make him walk strong again. (CA: CW church scene: Romangers)

Just Let Me Breathe

**\*\*Just Let Me Breathe\*\***

**\*\*All characters belong to Marvel Comics and Studios\*\***

"Goodbye my best girl," he whispered under his breath, composing himself to remain unbreakable, his large hand was brushing a hollow touch against the fabric of the British flag that was draped over her casket. He wanted to clutch that flag tight into a desperate grip, hold onto her as voices beckoned him back to the crowd but he didn't move, his feet were grounded and blue eyes locked onto the heap of white roses tied with a red silk, a piece of Peggy's favorite dress.

\* \* \*

><p><em>"I have lived a good life, my darling, I hold no regrets for what I've lost because I know that one day I will see those old memories come alive again..." Peggy strained to gather her voice while she settled her bejeweled dark eyes on his shield prompt against her bare dresser before her gaze drifted back to his teary azure eyes staring at her with a measure of guilt welled deep in his depths. <em>

\_A smile pulled on at her brittle lips as she attempted to reach for his strong hand, but her strength was diminishing. Steve braved his effort connecting their hands once again, and with a gentle caress, he touched her wrinkled knuckles with encompassing heat over her age-spotted skin. Feeling her pulse steady in that wake of contact, he kindly gave her a weak smile while masking his own sorrow.

—  
\_ "You've been so brave, Peggy," Steve whispered in genuine admission, his voice induced the unease as reluctance to finish that confession wouldn't assail. The constant pulse of desperation thrummed in his veins, but he refused to discard tears in front of her. Each moment passing grew inevitable, knowing that she was slipping away and he couldn't save her, drove a spike of failure through his heart. "I thought that I could be strong for you, I've tried my hardest," \_\_His grip \_over\_ the bed rail tightened and breath seized up in his chest, almost allowing tears to choke him as words mixed into protesting sobs. "Now, I realize that you're really leaving me to fight alone..."\_

—  
\_Peggy strained an effort to shake her head. "You'll never be alone, Captain," she declared in a raw voice. Her dimming gaze leveled back to him as she watched light shining into his glistening blue eyes, and her trembling hand lifted his large hand with tentative grace to her chest, placing his rough palm over her heart, must like a shield.

—  
\_ "Don't let this stop you from living a good life, Steve..." There was a delay of breath as she struggled to muster up her voice. "Promise me that you'll live your best, no matter what happens tomorrow—" \_

—  
\_ "I will, Peg," Steve bowed his head, squeezing his eyes shut, as he felt every muscle clench against the chair. He could feel her pulse growing faint against his touch, an indication that Peggy's strength was diminishing. "Stay with me," he urged with a sob, the extent of heartache was becoming too potent to conceal. He tried to muster up a boyish smile for her, but streaks of anguish rolled down his chiseled face were abolishing that one glimmer of peace that she needed. It wasn't enough, he wanted to give her so much in those last moments of being at her side. "I -I just can't think about tomorrow right now, I wanna stay here with you." \_

—  
\_As she listened to the weight of regret in his voice, Peggy held onto him, and their hands clasped together. "I know you want me to stay, my darling," she gazed into his beautiful and fierce eyes, he was searching for a home. A loving smile formed on her writhed lips, mirroring those reflections: she needed to let him go. \_

—  
\_In a slow effort of determination, Peggy managed to caress his broad jaw, and felt his youthful skin heat under her cold-listless- touch, his tears trailed over her hand, but she refused to allow him to surrender to grief. \_

—  
\_ "I'll always be with you, Steve, no matter what direction you choose to take, you'll never be alone..."\_

\* \* \*

><p>"Boy, I wish that we could've danced, Peg," His heart protested against the feverish onslaught of tears blurring his vision, he tasted the salt running over his lips as pain left that unyielding fire of Captain America dormant as he became a captive of grief. He lost all connection to hope and felt distant in time once again.<p>

In silent reverence, Steve closed his eyes, and listened to the vibrations of thunder had breached the humid air, a storm was forming above the cemetery, and he prayed that the rain would take away his tears.

He couldn't allow the absence of her bright red smile, the warmth in her chocolate eyes hold him into submission, Peggy had believed in their love so much that carrying guilt for failing her, would just ruin all those moments they shared as partners on the battlefield. "I guess we'll just have to wait a little longer, but I will find you again... I promise that, my best girl..."

\* \* \*

><p><em>Two hours later...<em>

"How are you holding up, Cap," Natasha's husky voice echoed through the vast space between them, in the haze of color, Steve was leaning against the mahogany pew, his hand gripped over the sleek edge as he fought to keep his emotions from betraying his stern composure. The relentless surges of pain grew evident in his downcast azure eyes, tears fell as his heart ached to surrender. Steve felt defeated, as the constant anguish crushed every bone in his body. He was alone, the anchor of his past and his compass was lost to time. He wanted to release everything in those moments as the pulses of detachment finally ripped his unyielding spirit into shreds.

Natasha kept her distance, her stilettos clicked with slow paces as she waited for him to give her an opening. Avoidance couldn't be granted to him, not when he needed to remain strong for the arising storms ahead. "Look, I know that Peggy and you-"

"Don't say it, Nat," Steve cut her off, his baritone strained with hitches of utter despair, as he refused to look back at her. A barrage of emotions raged through him, at rampant speed, memories returned as echoes of Peggy's voice faded with sobs that compressed deep into his heart. "You don't know what I've lost... My best girl is gone and I never got to give her one last dance."

There was no way he could find the strength to walk out and face the world, not when his ended. He was vexed about not staying at Peggy's side when she needed him the most, not as Captain America, but as Steven Rogers. He failed to keep his promise and now that would haunt him each time he would observe young couples dancing -the real pain that grew relentless was that he always lost someone close to him. Yes, he still had Bucky, but he needed to make a choice to save his best friend...and he feared at the disheveled Brooklyn soldier would endure the same fate as Peggy: if he didn't act soon.

"You should go, Nat," he exhaled out a despondent breath, narrowing his gaze down at the brass compass clutched in his hand. "I'm gonna stay in here for a bit."

"Do mind if I keep you company?" Natasha asked in regard to his silent omission towards grief and eased her hand over the broad sculpt of his shoulder, grounding his weighted stance with firm assurance that she wouldn't let him fall."It gets pretty lonely in here when you don't have a friend watching your back."

Steve nodded dismally, sniffing a little, as he met her

understanding gray eyes, finding equal solace reflecting back at him. Distractions were absent from his mind, he tucked the compass back into his pocket, and glance around that stain glass windows, light pierced through and touched his shortened blond hair at the moment he finally mustered up enough of his voice to break the silence." This is one place where I hoped that Peg and I would've... You know taken the next step as dance partners..."

He wiped the line of tears that streaked over his chiseled jaw, and composed himself to display no more pain, at least not in front of the Black Widow. "...but I guess things never turned out how they should've... And I will carry that good dream with me because that's all I have left to go back too."

Hearing the faint sobs rising up his throat, Natasha effortlessly brought her hand to the square edge of his lax jaw, caressing the skin with a reverent touch of all the compassion she could summon from her depths. Steve faltered against that unwelcome contact, his blue eyes became guarded as he tried to evade the collectiveness of her eyes. She was beautiful in the spectrums of the vibrant colors: wearing a plain black overcoat over a matching dress that molded over every curve of her svelte body. Her dark auburn hair was curled with streaks of copper and her visage was angelic -pure as she gave him a coaxing smirk, trying to anchor him away from that abyss he was on the verge of drowning into. She to reach him again.

"Hey, soldier," she implored in a low purr, holding his doleful stare. "Why don't you get out here and grab a coffee with Sharon, I think she needs someone to talk too since Peggy was a part of her life as well."

"I wouldn't know what to say, Nat," Steve returned with a modest undertone, almost lost from words, feeling less confident to dare himself to approach another woman with deep brown eyes. He knew that Sharon-Agent 13-was grieving her great-aunt, just like he was doing for his first love... Things needed to become mended, and a friendship could be birthed from the ashes of his past. Sparing a gaze into Natasha's expectant grayish teal eyes, he somehow felt stronger, as the potent urge to place a gentle kiss on her cheek invaded his mind. He owed a lot to her, and never gave her the full attention that she deserved. He couldn't lose her to distance, not when she kept him leveled in this new world.

"Steve, you need to trust in yourself, stop pretending that you're not ready for a dance, because if you keep on holding back, then you will lose a real chance to really live out of the uniform." It was then, at that still moment of a daring heart, Natasha chased his breath with a delicate trace over his full lips, ghosting a soothing promise as his heart steadied as her connecting touch erased the unbearable ache dominating through his chest. "Sometimes all it takes is one moment of extreme courage to chase after a new dream, Steve, even if it's just a cup of coffee."

He smiled faintly at that, and brushed away tresses of her auburn hair, before cautiously tilting his head to purchase a chaste kiss on her cheek. His lips made a tentative breach of feverish contact, leaving a pulse of heat in the wake of a realization that he needed to carry on...and that Peggy would always exist in his heart, guiding him back into the right direction.

As Steve pulled away, his soft lips shadowed over hers for a second, but that kiss wasn't meant to be; he sensed that she wasn't ready to share that piece of freedomâ€"hopeâ€" with him, not yet anyways. "Nat," he swallowed harshly, his glistening blue eyes drifted back to the vacant aisle, remnants of white rose petals lingered on the carpet. He needed to escape from this isolated shadow looming over him; before the presence of unresolved grief would only imprison him to walls of emotional torture. "Would you like to walk out with me?"

Collecting his urgent words, Natasha conveyed her lips a temperate smirk at his admission, there was no resistance holding her back, not like before, as she enveloped his large hand with hers, feeling their fingers interlocking as security and trust clasped with the closeness of flesh, and with each surge of strength.

They shared an equal and yet, unspoken understanding of what lay ahead for them, as she led him down the aisle, easing his weighted strides, while her thoughts conceived an irrational dream of what it would truly feel like to walk down this church aisle embolden in a white dress, instead of black.

{The End}

End  
file.